

CANDOUR

The British Views - Letter

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 1

30th OCTOBER, 1953

SOUND THE ALARM!

The British Empire is disintegrating. Whoever denies that fact is a fool or a knave. Should objection be taken to such strong language, the answer is that the vogue of the understatement, a quite recent pose, covers with precision the period of our national decline. Great Britain and its world system amounted to something in the days when Britons spoke their minds. Unless *Candour* expresses itself with that old fearlessness, its existence will be purposeless. We shall not fail. It may be, in consequence, that we shall find ourselves starved out of existence: whatever else happens, we pledge our word that—unlike other once outspoken publications—we shall never be bought out of existence.

In place of the British Empire, there arises the Empire of the United States. We have no quarrel on that account with the American people, who are entitled to whatever their dollars can buy. Our quarrel is with our own abject leadership, of whatever party, which has supinely allowed the Dollar Empire to grow fat at our expense, crowding us off the stage of history.

No more profoundly revealing example of this process can be imagined than the revolutionary change in power-politics about to take place in the Mediterranean. The acquisition by the United States of strong naval and air bases in Spain means that the Western Mediterranean will become an American sea. General Franco, surviving the pressure of many months, has managed to retain the principle of national sovereignty over the selected areas, but although the concession pleases Spanish pride, and is a tribute to his own personal character, the victory is only nominal—once the Americans are ensconced in Spain, it will take more than decrees of the Spanish Government to shift them.

LORDS OF EAST AND WEST

Simultaneously with the reaching of an agreement with Spain came the announcement that Washington had signed a pact with Athens. This provides for the "sharing" by the United States of Greek naval and air bases, which are to be enlarged for the purpose. The Greek Prime Minister said that strong American forces would soon arrive in the country to take up their stations. In other words, the new Lords of the Western Mediterranean are also to become the Lords of the Eastern Mediterranean.

What of the Central Mediterranean? As Italy has long been a satellite of the New York Money-Power, it might be thought that the United States had this area, too, nicely tied up. But there seems to have been one fly in the American ointment—a remarkable little fly called Malta. From the British point of view—if such a thing can now be said to exist—what is happening to Malta is the crux of the entire revolutionary situation in the Mediterranean.

First it is necessary to recollect that as the Americans are about to move into Spain and Greece, so are we preparing to move out of Suez and the Sudan. The State Department covertly, and American-inspired organisations openly, have been as successful in undermining our influence in the Nile Valley as they have been in collaring our spheres of influence almost everywhere else in the world. In consequence, we are now searching for a formula

whereby we may remove our 70,000 troops from the Canal Zone and thus end the chapter of our splendid service to Egypt, the Sudan, and the whole civilised world.

Once that formula is found we might expect to hear of the transfer of units from Suez to British possessions, which are few enough, in the Mediterranean. We might expect, in particular, a strong British air-reinforcement of Malta. Instead, what do we find? We find, in the instant of our expectation, the strong *American* air-reinforcement of Malta. We held the island throughout the war. Why should it be supposed that we are no longer capable of holding it today without the help of American squadrons? Why should the Americans be moving not only into Spain and Greece but into Malta? It is difficult to believe that the British Government which permits this thing is a free agent. One would prefer the explanation that it acts under duress. British power in the Mediterranean is being deliberately smothered.

BRITISH POWER SMOTHERED

Indeed, British power is being, or has already been, smothered over huge portions of the earth's surface. There are sure to be many melancholy occasions when *Candour* will feel impelled to refer to what really happened in Egypt, in Persia, in India, in every other land where our great achievements earned for us a place in the sun whence the sheer weight of dollars now drives us forth. We shall even have the mortification of pointing to the increasing defection of our own daughter nations, which are being detached from the British fold by a deliberate policy of seduction. Australia and New Zealand are being ensnared by the dollar trap as assuredly as Canada has been ensnared by the infiltration of capital and propaganda from the United States. We shall be obliged, when considering this problem, to cast a strong light upon such "Commonwealth" figures as Mr. Lester Pearson and Mr. R. G. Casey.

Nor will our searchlight always be switched across the seas. The attitude of our own public men demands close scrutiny. If we are destroyed, and we are in process of being destroyed, theirs will be the dreadful responsibility of having acquiesced in our destruction. Is "acquiesced" the right word? It may be too weak. Shortly before the Conservatives regained office a sleek young Tory politician told me, in the presence of several other people, that he would welcome the taking over of the British Empire by the United States. The Americans would turn it into a going concern, he said. Who was this young man? The Prime Minister thinks so much of him that he has made him a Cabinet Minister. I give his name—Mr. Peter Thorneycroft. But Mr. Thorneycroft, except as a symptom, is unimportant. Was not the prophecy of what has come to pass uttered, and in glad tones, at a place called Fulton. Did not somebody there bid the Mississippi "Roll on"? These be very grave matters.

Meanwhile, the vast majority of people in the British world, or what is left of the British world, affect not to notice their national and imperial eclipse. They mouth comforting platitudes about "democracy," "the free world," "the United Nations," "N.A.T.O.," "the European Defence Community," "the International Bank," and the rest, with never a thought that these are

power-agencies of the New York Money Trust, which seeks the federation of the nations of the world that it may rule over them as firmly as it rules over the United States Government. The British people do not know, because no newspaper has dared to tell them, that what they call "American generosity," in the shape of American aid, is in fact the price extracted from the taxpayers of the United States for the establishment of the world-wide Dollar Empire. And the Dollar Emperor is certainly not President Eisenhower.

The pretext used for the setting-up of so wide-ranging and exclusive a network of power is the Russian menace. There is no desire on our part to underestimate the seriousness of that menace, which Roosevelt, Morgenthau, Hiss and Co were so determined should be admitted into the heart of Europe, with consequences now only too apparent. The vileness of Soviet tyranny never impinged upon the innocent Rooseveltian mind. If it ever impinged upon the minds of his masters, who are still in effective control of the United States, they did not let it deter them from trying to do a deal with the Kremlin. Although for some reason not explained the negotiations for the deal were broken off as early as December, 1945, they went far enough to result in the virtual carving up of the world by Moscow and New York. What is more, should circum-

stances be propitious, the Money Power would reopen discussions tomorrow for the ruthless completion of that betrayal.

The point which has to be made, however, is that if it be Soviet policy to overthrow the West by force of arms rather than by subversion, the offensive would surely have been taken when there were no more than half a dozen battle-worthy divisions to stand athwart the path of the two hundred Russian divisions massed behind the Elbe. Is it conceivable that the adroit strategists of the Soviet Union would wait for the building up of Western strength before striking? Or are they such simple-minded fellows that the idea of being ringed about in time of war by American atom-bomber bases appeals to the Russian twilight in their souls?

The conclusion is inescapable that the Soviet menace is being used as part of an elaborate conspiracy to reduce the historic nations of Europe to economic impotence and political servitude, and to steal from them the fruits of their long and splendid labours overseas.

If Britain but awakes, she alone can foil this plot. But where can one look for a trumpeter with sufficient lung-power—and guts—to sound the alarm?

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.

VIEWS AT A GLANCE

THE Government, by sending troops to British Guiana, for once acted in advance of events instead of trailing a long way behind them. That the move was justified cannot be doubted. But the situation which called for it is not one to arouse pride in British breasts. It is only too typical of our colonial pattern. Sturdy ancestors acquired the territory for Britain, but the neglect of modern British Governments, and their refusal to employ a full-blooded Imperial economic policy, have reduced it to a slum, as so many of our West Indian possessions have been reduced to slums.

When discontent inevitably becomes manifest, our leaders fail to give the disaffected peoples a square economic deal, but rush forward with ludicrous schemes for "self-government," which means placing naïve, credulous electorates under the sway of whichever group of unscrupulous demagogues makes the most fantastic promises. In Guiana the absurdity was reached of giving power to "Ministers" who promptly organised strikes to sabotage the economy for which they had undertaken to become responsible.

SOCIALIST HUMBUG.—The Socialist opposition at Westminster, or the more responsible part of it, had no difficulty in sizing up the demagogue Jagan and his confederates, but it still deplored the annulment of the Guiana Constitution. Nothing more vividly reveals the utter incapacity of politicians to think once their minds become imprisoned by their own slogans and fixed ideas. The Constitution had landed Guiana in its mess: the people had shown their ludicrous incapacity to make it work. Yet the British Socialists want to hold the Constitution sacrosanct. Such woolliness will be the downfall of Britain.

Those on the Socialist benches who lack all sense of responsibility did not wait for any Government explanation before rushing in to defend the unsavoury little gang of Marxists in Georgetown. The principle upon which these people act is that a dark skin is a sign that its possessor has every conceivable virtue, while a white skin covers every conceivable vice. It is their axiom that their own fellow-countrymen are always wrong. Most nauseating performance of all was the article by Mr. Fenner Brockway splashed across *Reynolds News* under the heading: *How To Lose An Empire*. What does Mr. Brockway care about the Empire? When it was fighting for its life in

the First World War he preferred to go to jail as a pacifist rather than fight with it. Ever since that time he has been on the side of the Empire disintegrationists. His cant about losing the Empire was as nauseating as that of the newspaper which published it.

TRIESTE.—No British interest was served by the setting up of a British administration in Trieste and the garrisoning of the city by British troops. But the timing and the method of withdrawal have been yet another lamentable instance of the chronic infelicity of our foreign policy in the last two decades. Official spokesmen argued that a unilateral Anglo-American decision would force upon Italians and Yugoslavs a frame of mind amenable to negotiation. Negotiation by guns, perhaps.

Washington rather than London seems to have forced the pace and determined the procedure. The childishness of current political comment is apparent in the assertion that Mrs. Luce, U.S. Ambassador in Rome, was responsible for the move. People like Mrs. Luce are the agents of policy, not its creators. But no doubt she greatly busied herself in the matter. A political protégé of Mr. Bernard Baruch, to whose influence she owed her appointment, Mrs. Luce would be a suitably innocent instrument for the present objective of the New York world-planners in dealing with Trieste, which is to ease Italy still further into the European Defence Community. E.D.C. is one of the many devices chosen by the Dollar Emperors to destroy the historic nations of Europe.

MAU MAU'S AFFILIATIONS.—Twelve months ago Sir Evelyn Baring, the new Governor, declared a state of emergency in Kenya. Shortly before his arrival, the old Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, preened himself on leaving the land peaceful and prosperous. It is a moot point which has proved the more disastrous—the fatuous complacency of Sir Philip during the period when the Kikuyu plot was being incubated under his nose, or the subsequent bungling of the campaign against Mau Mau. The bungling began when the authorities failed to prevent the murder of the brave Kikuyu chiefs who remained loyal to the Crown, although the Kenya Government knew that they were marked men. Indeed, the Chief Secretary even found in the murders a vindication of official policy. They showed, he said, that the Kikuyu were resisting the Mau Mau.

Today five battalions of United Kingdom troops and perhaps as many of the King's African Rifles are scouring the Aberdares and the slopes of Mount Kenya in search of the rebels. This is no doubt necessary. But the head of the serpent is to be found, not in the Aberdares, but in Nairobi—perhaps in the Asian quarter of Nairobi. Why is the Government so very reticent about Mau Mau affiliations? Is it because one trail might conceivably be found to lead to New Delhi?

QUIT KENYA?—It is essential for the protection of British settlers that British troops should sweat and toil in Kikuyuland's bamboo forests. But let nobody suppose that such efforts will win for Britain the usufruct of Kenya. Mr. Arthur Hope-Jones, member for commerce and industry in the Kenya Government, has been in the United States touting for dollars. As a result, one of the leading American oil companies is to be given survey and development licences in the Northern Frontier District. Coventry will rejoice to hear that a big American motor company has been invited to manufacture and assemble cars in Mombasa, while Lancashire will hold high festival when it learns that Mr. Hope-Jones has arranged for an American clothing manufacturing firm to start operations in Kenya.

Next year, it appears, Mr. Eugene Black, president of the International Bank, and Mr. David Rockefeller, of the Chase National Bank, will visit the scene of their projected conquests. Soon afterwards, no doubt, Britain will be presented with the ultimatum "Quit Kenya." The British troops now sweltering there will feel themselves richly rewarded when they receive the grateful thanks of the International Bank.

MARTIAL VALOUR.—The Israeli Army has won another battle-honour. Half a battalion, armed with mortars and machine guns, fearlessly crossed the undefended Jordan frontier and attacked the unarmed inhabitants of Qibya. Fighting with matchless valour, the force killed 56 men, women and children. The battle will rank in history close to the epic encounter of Deir Yassim, where three hundred unarmed Arabs were butchered. The victors are

worthy of their immortal compatriots who sent letter-bombs through the post.

When the Foreign Office, with unexpected effrontery, expressed its horror at the Qibya outrage, the Board of Deputies of British Jews was quick to trounce it, proving again that in any clash of loyalties there is no doubt where the Board's sympathies lie. If Mr. Eden is not careful, he will cease being one of Zion's curly-headed boys and bring down on himself the vitriolic abuse habitually flung at the late Ernest Bevin.

PRESS SLANT.—Arising out of the Qibya incident were two priceless examples of tendentious reporting. Even after the Foreign Office protest, the B.B.C. judiciously referred to the "alleged" attack. The second example was furnished by the *Observer*, which published an account written with such skill that only a wide-awake reader would fail to receive the impression that the aggressors had been Arabs and the victims Jews.

Against this must be put a comment made by *The Times*. *Candour* is unlikely to find itself often in agreement with a newspaper which plays so large a part in reconciling the British people to their shameful eclipse which is the more reason for expressing appreciation when the occasion warrants. Here is what *The Times*, to its honour, wrote about Qibya. "So long as the armistice lines separate Arab villages from the land they were accustomed to cultivate; so long as semi-starving refugees look across an arbitrary political boundary at the houses, wells, and groves which they once owned; so long will the lives and property, of Israelis no less than Arabs, of women and children as well as men, remain insecure and hazardous in the border districts."

That was bravely said.

A.R.P. IN THE STATES.—The U.S. Army Secretary announces that the first battalions equipped with anti-aircraft guided missiles will soon be placed on active service around major American cities.

It is not known whether the digging of trenches in American parks has begun.

POLITICAL FISH AND CHIPS

When two millionaires compete against each other in a business transaction the only difference between them and men playing poker is that, whereas the latter pile on the chips to back their bluff, the millionaires reduce the value of the pool they hope eventually to pocket by undercutting prices. But this is of course only a temporary manoeuvre. As soon as one of them is beaten, up go the prices again, and the winner has a free hand.

At the present time this pretty little game is being played by Messrs. Dawson and Vincent over fish supplies and fish marketing. Mr. Vincent, managing director of twenty-seven fish companies and twenty-six trawlers, is reported to have said he will undercut any price Mr. Dawson names for his fish by 6d. a stone. Mr. Dawson has replied that he will undercut Mr. Vincent's price by the same amount. So where are we?

Too Rosy To Be True

The housewife who buys the fish would appear to be the *tertia gaudens*, for if these great men keep their word, simple mathematics show that before long fish will be given away for nothing, and, I suppose, if the system continues, customers will be paid to take it away. But I am afraid it does not work out quite like that. It is true that I can remember a case where two country bus companies, competing on the same roads, began to undercut each other's fares, so that for a happy month or two one travelled long distances for practically no payment at all. But this utopia did not last. Exactly what happened I cannot recall—either one firm was bankrupted, or the

two amalgamated—but the net result was that we had to pay more for our rides than we ever had before.

So the housewives must not be too sanguine over their prospects in this latest fishy business.

But it is not only the housewives who must be wary. This Dawson-Vincent rivalry is going to affect other people besides them.

Primarily, it is going to affect fishermen in the English and Scottish trawlers. The story is somewhat complicated in its details—as such big business manoeuvres usually are—but the background of it may be told in a few words.

He Breaks The Ban

Some time ago Iceland closed certain fishing grounds near that island to trawlers from Great Britain. British trawlermen rioted by banning the landing of Icelandic-owned fish at British ports. Mr. Dawson has broken that ban by bringing an Icelandic trawler into Grimsby and unloading the fish there. He has, it is reported, persuaded two big groups of fish merchants to buy this fish, and he has a fleet of sixty lorries to distribute it throughout the country. He is thus taking sides with the Iceland fishermen against those of his own country.

Mr. Vincent, who, as we have seen, owns trawlers as well as fish companies, is fighting Mr. Dawson on the grounds that the latter is breaking the ban on Icelandic fish which had been agreed to by the fish companies. The chips in his game of poker appear to consist in a plea for justice to our fishermen, as distinguished from Mr. Dawson's cheap fish slogan.

But in a battle of this kind it is important not to be outdone on any point by one's rival, so Mr. Dawson has hinted that he is considering buying from little fishermen throughout England and Scotland. This on the top of his boast that at the end of November he would be bringing twelve trawlers of Icelandic fish every week to Britain.

Poker Politics

The trawler men take a dim view of his proposals, but some of the fish merchants have yielded to the temptation to buy cheap fish.

On one point perhaps Mr. Dawson has committed a tactical error. In order (he said) to show Mr. Vincent he was not bluffing (though surely bluff is the keystone of the game) he revealed at a champagne party to the Press that he has a firm order of £1,000,000 from an unnamed country for his fish—part of a £6,000,000 order promised. This

is rather like putting your cards face up on the table. What will the housewives think of it?

But the most humorous touch in the campaign up to date is Mr. Dawson's complaint about a refusal to supply him with ice. "We are reporting about this," he is reported to have said, "to the Monopolies' Commission." Is not it possible that the Commission may wonder whether there is not a budding fish monopolist as well as a monopolist ice merchant?

Well there the matter rests. Fish and Chips—monopoly and bluff. I hope that the genuine fish and chips shops may continue to prosper, but I hope still more that at long last something like justice may be done to the trawlermen of Great Britain.

R. D. JEBB.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

CANDOUR became possible when a British patriot in South America sent his cheque for a generous sum to a journalist in London, with the request that it should be used to launch a newsletter which would express distinctive British attitudes toward the phenomena of a changing world hostile to British power. Other sympathisers at home and abroad, alarmed at the fate which is overtaking Britain and the Empire, have given encouragement and practical support.

It has been an inspiration to those charged with the running of the venture to receive such willing co-operation, which takes the form not only of financial donations, but in many instances of personal help in the dull task of addressing envelopes and other routine jobs. For their own part, the people associated with the editorial and business direction of *Candour* are providing their services without salaries or professional fees, and will continue to do so until the publication can stand on its own financial feet.

NO PACK-DRILL

The response to the brochure advertising *Candour* has been sufficiently good to provide a sound foundation upon which to build. More success might have been achieved had the editorial direction been disclosed. Many people understandably asked for this information. That it has been withheld is readily explainable. The professional men undertaking the work sacrifice for it many leisure hours every week. They are entitled both to protect what remains of their spare time from innumerable telephone calls, and to safeguard their employers against involvement with the views they express.

CRYPTO-REDS!

It is a mistake, therefore, to read into anonymous editorial direction any sinister motive. By far the silliest letter to reach us came from a man convinced that he had run to earth a dangerous bunch of crypto-Communists. Anybody whose instinct is so feeble that he cannot distinguish between British nationalism and Communist internationalism may be regarded as a subscriber well lost.

Candour can only be judged by its contents. If its views are sound, and if it increases public awareness of the dangers besetting our still great nation, then the names of its editors surely do not matter. What is at stake is a whole vast heritage of threatened values.

HOW TO HELP

How can the friends of *Candour* help? They can make the publication as widely known as possible. They can endeavour to find others who will subscribe. They can try to persuade rich friends to ease us of the perpetual financial headache which a venture of this kind, in defying the Money-Power, inevitably inflicts upon its promoters.

But they can do more than this. In whatever part of

the world they live, they can form a climate of opinion favourable to the reassertion of Britain's world power and the essential unity of the British peoples. They can bring pressure to bear on their politicians, who are likely to be found cap-in-hand somewhere in the dollar-queue. They can help to re-establish the national will at all costs to survive. If they succeed, then in the course of time they will make this little publication redundant. And that will be a signal service. *Candour* is being produced, not because somebody or other thinks it is rather jolly to write a news-letter, but because nobody else at the present time is standing four-square for the national cause.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT

It is with great regret that *Candour* records the death of one of its first and keenest sponsors, Major S. O. Richardson, of Nottingham Road, Natal. Major Richardson, for many years leader of the English Bar in Palestine, had a deep knowledge of international affairs, and was well

aware of the subterranean influences by which the political destiny of mankind is largely governed. He fearlessly spoke his mind on such forbidden subjects.

Had "Richie" lived, the moral support of this grand patriot — men like him are all too few these days — would have given courage and confidence to *Candour* in the dark hours it must assuredly be called upon to face. As it is, we shall look to his spirit as an ever-present source of inspiration.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Richardson, together with our assurance that we will strive never to fall short of her husband's expectations of us.



The late Major S. O. Richardson with Mrs. Richardson at their Natal Home. In the first World War Major Richardson saw much active service on the Western Front.

never to fall short of her husband's expectations of us.